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THE DUBLIN PENNY JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY P. DIXON HARDY, M.R.I.A.

VOL. IV.

JANUARY 2, 1836.

No. 183.



JUNE—"Holiday at the Public Offices."



SEPTEMBER—"Michaelmas Day."

THE COMIC ALMANACK FOR 1836;

BY RIGDUM FUNNIDOS, GENT.

Adorned with a dozen of "righte merrie" cuts, pertaining to the months, and an hieroglyphic, by George Cruikshank.

We feel it is only necessary, in order to recommend our "Righte Merrie Friend" *Rigdum Funnidos*, to the notice of our readers, to give his title, with a specimen of the en-

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gravings; of the latter, at all events, it will be sufficient to say, they are worthy of George Cruikshank. The best written description of any one of them would fail to convey a correct idea of the wit and humour by which they are characterised. As a specimen of the "odd matters," introduced to illustrate the "illustrations," we copy—

"OLD MAY DAY." BY A NONOGENARIAN.

When I was young and in my prime,
Then ev'ry thing look'd gay;
And nothing was so merry as
The merry FIRST OF MAY:
Kind Nature, who doth ever smile,
Seem'd then to smile the more;
And ev'ry Spring that time did bring
Seem'd greener than before.
The birds they sang so jocundly,—
They fill'd the air around,
And human hearts as jocundly
Responded to the sound.
I recollect the lovely scene,
As though I saw it still:—
The mansion of a noble race
Was seated on a hill;
And smilingly it seem'd to look
Upon the plain below,
Where groupes of happy villagers
Were sporting to and fro.
The May-pole in the centre plac'd,
All deck'd with garlands gay,
While lads and lasses danc'd around,
And footed it away.
The ruddy hostess of the inn,
Which stood within the vale,
Supplied the thirsty revellers
With draughts of nut-brown ale;
While pleas'd, the neighbouring gentry stood,
And view'd the cheerful scene,
Or laid aside their rank to join
The sports upon the green.
Ah! those were times that memory
Is happy to retrace,
But chang'd, alas! and sad are those
Which now supply their place.
An honest healthy peasantry
Then shar'd the farmer's board,
Who'd shrink from parish pauper pay,
As from a thing abhorr'd;
The sons of "Merry England" now
Are chang'd to Mammon's slaves,
And "peep about to find themselves
Dishonourable graves."
The "labourer," no longer "reckon'd
Worthy of his hire,"
No more partakes the farmer's board,
Nor warms at his fire—
* * * * *

(RIGDUM FUNNIDOS *interrupteth*.)

Stop, stop, old friend! I pry'thee, cease this prosing,
Or else you'll set my gentle readers dozing.
The Times are bad, I own, and sad's the *change*;
But, surely, that is not so wond'rous strange;
And if it were, this is no place to joke in.

NONOGENARIAN:

Enough, good RIGDUM!—I'll give over croaking.

In the prose department, the wit is neither as pungent, nor the humour as lively, as we should have expected from RIGDUM FUNNIDOS, or his compeers. Take as a specimen one of the "best bits" we could pick out,—*"The Servant of all Work,"* a broad outline of the manners and habits of a numerous class in England, with an implied comment, which would seem to bear out the Commissioners of Education in their report of the description of learning given to many of the lower orders in England, even during the present march of intellect.

THE SERVANT OF ALL WORK.

"He Hood if he could"

Roaming along, the other day, in those regions of Cockney retirement, the vicinity of the Cat and Mutton Fields, about a mile from the *Ultima Thule* of Shoreditch, I was struck by the appearance of a row of neat little houses; and my attention was so particularly arrested by

one of them, that I incontinently paused to look at it. It seemed to have all the ostentatious assumption of a little man who strives to look big. It had a portico, that might have belonged to the Coliseum, with a flight of stone steps that would have graced the new palace at Pimlico; and the drawing-room windows were ambitiously overshadowed by a viranda, not unworthy of Worthing.

While I was meditating on its appearance, and admiring the extraordinary air of cleanliness which distinguished it from its neighbours, a paper parcel, tied round with thread, and sealed with a thimble, fell at my feet. I looked above and around me, but no one was visible; and conceiving it to be intended for myself, I picked it up, and walked on. At a favourable opportunity I opened it, and read as follows:—

* * * * *

"This cums Hopping that sum boddy in the Street Walking may pick me up and put me into the Square box at the Circling librey, the Place where the Post is. It is the haughty bioggrify of a unfortnit yung cretur who's in servis. Let the superscripshun be to the Mournin Herald or the Currier or the Trew Son or the Stand Hard, or the Speckt Tatur, or any of 'em, for one's just as good as tother. I think the noospapers would take it inn, for they takes in a good many servants as wants places.

"My pappa was a Baker, and he meant I shud be Bread up like a lady, for tho I was the least of the Batch, i was the Flour of the flock. But pappa Dying, i had to git my Living, for he didnt Roll in riches, and his guds and chiappels were Saddled with detts, witch Spurred me on to Bridel my greef, tho i seldom had a Bit in my mouth, wich was hard; and when our Blow got Wind, i lost my sweethart, wich Blow was Harder. He was sitch a nice yung man; and when i walkt past his Door, he used to prays my Gate, and tell me when we were marryd we should live in Sile. But I am Loth to say, he turned out a Willing, and wanted to tak advantidge of my citywashun. But I had 2 strings to my Beau in a yung mitchipman, but he got prest and sent on board a Tender, witch was a grate Hard Shipp for him, and I felt it.

"But to cut a Long Tail Short,—when my dear Ben Bannister left me, miss fortin Staired me in the face, and every boddy turn'd their Backs on me, and I culd not bare such a Front, so i got a plase as a servnt of all work, and my mind was maid up to be in duster house; but it was a Grate fall for me down into the Kitchen, tho when i got there i found a Grater; for my first missus was a Dresser, and often and often when I've bin all over Greece she has call'd me up to her Rome to help her on with her gownd, witch was very humblin to 1 as was used to have her own maid to wait upon her. Butt i left her bekause we lived at a Fishmongers & itt Smelt so; and i had more than twenty Plaices in the first 12 months, wich Maid me quite Crabby, for i was going Backwards. But mississes are as proud as my lord Mare, and makes you work like an Horse; so I turnd myself Out, for i culd not In-Door itt.

"I wont trubbel you with all my trubbels, but will skipp over the hole to give you my Last, wich dont Fit me at all; and its Jest no Joke, I can ashure you, for its like as if my 20 mississes was turnd into one. I've bin in the plaice almost a month, soe I have had a pritty gud expense.

"First, i Seconds all the close, & theres 13 of us in fammaly. Theres missis & master, thats 2, but missis says as how theyre 1; theres the 3 young ladys is 5; and the 3 boys from skool, where i am sure they never larnt no manners, & I dont love em at all, that's Hate; & the 2 yung babbys in harms is 10; and mr. Phipps the frunt parler loger is 11, and mr. Snooks the back parler loger is 12 & i am just thirteen. So i leaves you to juge when i Hang em all out if there isnt enuff to Do for.

"Missis is what they calls a not Abel womman, & keeps 1 scrubbin & doin all day long, & is so pertickler, that when master cums home on a wet day, i has to lift him into the hous for fear he shuld dirty the steps. To be shure he's a werry littel man, but then its so shockin indillikat. Missis is verry fond of Bruin too, witch i cant Bear, and i hates Hops, xcept when i goes to a dance; besides, the Hopperation quite puts one into a somenta-

tion, and sets one all of a Work. Then the fammaly is so verry unreglar, & we keeps a deal of cumpny, tho they dont alow any follerers, and missis is always snubbin me if the Butcher or the Baker stopps a minuet att the gait. But if i were even to liv in a garratt, i shuld be abuv sitch peepel & shuld look down uppon em. I no one of the yung ladys casts a sheep's eye on the Butcher herself, but i hop he wont giv her his Hart, for i am shure she wuld be a gay Liver, & i no she has plenty of Tung.

"Wile i am uppon theas yung ladys i culd pick a hole in em, but i abhor Back bitin. Howsomdeyer, tho they are Twins all Three of em, theres no Unity in One of em, and when a gentilman is interdeuced to the fammaly, they all fall in luv with him, wich must be very embrasing to the party, and they try all their harts of captywashun. Miss Carryline rites a billy dux anomalously and folds it like a trew lovyers not, to puzzel him. Miss Matilda makes annoys on the harp with her bigg Fistis, and says she had her lessons from a Boxer; and miss Jimmima thumps away on the piney Forty, Fifty times a day, to get pifict for the heavening. I often wishes thare was locks to them keys.

"But all their Harts wont do, & theyve none of them gott a Deer yet, for they make themselves 2 Chepe, and they are all of em very jellus of me, bekause the 2 gentilmen logers has a grate licking for me; & they carries their spit so Fur that i mustnt ware a Bore, and they sets their mama Hat me if they sees a bit of lace on my Cap. They makes quite a Furze too if i incloses my Waste with a ribbon tho its so Common; & I'm shure they had better pay what they Hose than find fault with my Stock-ins; for they stands over me while i am Pinking em, witch shose they aint well Red in their manors, and they wont lett me Ware em no Ware. I shuld lik to no, why servnts aint to doo what they likes with their hone; for Ive red theyve as big a Steak in the common unity as their Betters, who're many of em nothin else but Gamblers.

"But i dont mind the Hitts of sich Misses: for its all Shear envy, because they wants to Cut me out with the 2 logers, & had rayther see me Hangd than Halter my condishun. But the gentilmen dont lik none of em, for theyre as tall and as pail as 2 hapenny Rushlites and a grate deal more Wicked. Mr Snooks, the loger as walks the Horsepittels in the back parler, says theyre more like ottonies than wimmen, for they've none of em got no hannimashun; and mr. Phipps the clark as hokkipies the frunt parler says theyre quite Ciphers to me, for i am a better Figger, & more uprighter than any 1 of em. He sometimes carries his devours to such a Pitch, that if i culd forgit my Tar, I see no Resin why I shuld not marry him, & then the miss Rushlites wuld be very much Put Out when they'd lost one of their Flames.

"Mr. Phipps is a litory man, and nose a Grate many Tongs, and has maid a big book of Pottery, full of Plates. He tells me not to be jellus because he Courts the Mews, & has sent me the histry of his life & a copy of verses on my mississes youside of me; and i hop you'll tell the noospaper man he mustnt take my life without takin his'n & he may have the pottery into the bargain.

"Notty Benny,—My life shall be concluded att the first hooportunnity.

"So no more at presnt from yours humbely to command

"MOLLYDUSTA MOGGS.

"Post Scripp. I forgot to tell you that i cant git enuff to heat, missis is sitch a skin Flint, unless I Steel it, & that's unpossebel, for she always takes care to lock upp the Cold Heatables."

The following, our readers will find, is little more than another version, and not a good one either, of "Dicky Daw," or "Do as other People Do," which appeared in the 71st Number of the Dublin Penny Journal.

BRIGHTON.

Well, here, once more, on Brighton's shore,

We're safe arrived at last;

So, Mister Snip, don't have the hyp,

Nor look so overcast

We've not been here this many a year;

So do not look so blue,

But sport your cash, and cut a dash,
As other people do.

There's Mrs. Skait,—she wouldn't wait,
But off she tripp'd so gaily:
She struts along amid the throng:
Her husband isn't *scaly*.

There's Mrs. Wick, and little Dick,
Have come to have a *dipping*;
And there's her niece, who's been to Greece,
Is now all over *dripping*.

And oh, what fun! there's Martha Gunn,
(But no, that gun's *gone off*)
But only look at that sea-cook
A-sousing Mrs. Gough.

Well, I declare, there's Mrs. Ware—
(She's ev'ry *where* I think)
Her sponse, I know, is quite her beau,
And never spares the chink.

And, last of all, there's Mr. Ball,
Who promis'd Mrs. B.—
And kindly has *redeem'd* his *pledge*,—
That she should see the sea.

So Mister Snip, don't have the hyp,
Nor look so monstrous blue;
But sport your cash, and cut a dash,
As other people do.

FAIR AND FOUL WEATHER PROGNOSTICATOR.

The following Table, constructed upon a philosophical consideration of the attraction of the Sun and Moon, in their several positions respecting the Earth, and confirmed in the experience of many years' actual observation, will, without trouble, suggest to the observer what kind of weather will most probably follow the Moon's entrance into any of her quarters, and that so near the truth, that in very few instances it will be found to fail.

NEW OR FULL MOON.	SUMMER.	WINTER.
If it be new or full moon, or the moon enters into the first or last quarters at the hour of 12 noon.	Very Rainy - - -	Snow or Rain.
Between 2 and 4 o'clock.	Changeable - - -	Fair and mild.
Between 4 and 6 o'clock.	Fair - - - - -	Fair.
Between 6 and 8 o'clock.	Fair if wind N. W. } Rainy if S. or S. W. }	Fair and Frosty if N. or N. E.—Rain or Snow if S. or S. W.
Between 8 and 10 o'clock.	Ditto - - - - -	Ditto.
10 o'clock midnight.	Fair - - - - -	Fair and Frosty.
2 o'clock midnight.	Fair - - - - -	Hard Frost unless wind S. or W.
Between 2 and 4 o'clock.	Cold, with showers	Snow and Stormy.
Between 4 and 6 o'clock.	Rain - - - - -	Ditto.
Between 6 and 8 o'clock.	Wind and Rain -	Stormy.
Between 8 and 10 o'clock.	Changeable - - -	Rain if W.—Snow if E.
Between 10 and 12 noon.	Frequent Showers	Cold, with high wind.

Hence, the nearer the time of the moon's entrance at full, change, and quarters, is to midnight (that is, within two hours before and after midnight), the more fair the weather is in summer; but the nearer to noon, the less fair. Also, the moon's entrance at full, change, and quarters, during six of the afternoon hours, viz. from 4 to 10, may be followed by fair weather, but this is mostly dependent on the wind. The moon's entrance in all the hours after midnight, except the two first, is unfavourable to fair weather. The like nearly may be observed in the winter.

If the clouds in the western hemisphere, at the time of sunset are tinged with a light red and yellow; or if there are no clouds, and the sky, towards that part of the horizon where the sun sets, be of a beautiful red and yellow, it will be fine weather; but if the sun be of a pale colour, or if the clouds change to a dark red and continue, it will rain. The clouds tinged with a dark red in the opposite hemisphere to the sun, whether at rising or setting, presage wind.

In winter, when large clouds are observed with white edges, and a strong blue sky above them, it will be hail or snow; or probably these may dissolve into rain before they reach the earth.*